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EDITOR

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DESIGNER

A STUDENT NEWS-
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THE NEXT DEADLINE
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ALL SUBMISSIONS
MUST BE TYPED.

This letter was received on December 20, 1971 after the last issue of MCA before intersession.

Ed.

EDITOR,

The various components of this letter have been formulating in my consciousness for some time now, the feelings and thoughts that they represent having only recently arrived, in their relationships to one another, at a satisfactory whole that would justify their being furtherly and formally organized into a message structure. The subject of this communication is the newspaper; of primary interest to me at this time are several more objective questions which I shall endeavour to state as succinctly and as lucidly as is possible. They are:

What official *ties* are there between the paper and any non-student members of the Mass. Art community (faculty, *administration*, etc.)? z

What unofficial ties exist between the same?

Is any form of *censorship* being practiced? Has any been practiced?

How objectively do you decide *what is to be published* and what is not? How much do personal opinions and/or prejudices enter into the decisions?

What vision have you as to the paper's *future* in relation to the various elements that constitute the Mass. Art community? What changes, if any?

Those, I believe, are the most basic and direct forms of the questions around which the remainder of this letter is organized. They do not originate entirely from me but have been, in one way or another, voiced to me by various people. I will attempt to discuss them in a little more depth to relate to you some of the manifestations of the bodies of thought of the people behind the questions.

The first—official or unofficial ties—basically, to what extent is the paper free—that is, who are those who have any say as to its makeup and issuance? Are there those who have the power (or influence) to direct, change, manipulate or alter in any way the paper's content or destiny, officially? Unofficially, do such

people exist? To what extent do you feel that you must "play the game" with people of this type?

Secondly, censorship. Several people have asked me about this. Have you, again, officially or unofficially, received any "static" over past issues or warnings of any sort? I do not recall any "dirty words" in the paper at any time this year other than my own "bitch" used as a descriptive noun and my little joke about Satre and a wounded Walrus. However, Bill Doliber has remarked to me that he has found it rather curious that of the poems he has contributed none containing so-called "dirty words" have been published. Tom Canti has also questioned me about this, as a cartoon of his (one of the batch of three we gave you) contained several expletives, the strongest of them being, I believe, "fuck", the remaining ones being "asshole", "shit", etc. The cartoon(s) never appeared. In Canti's case, I immediately assumed that either the body of work had been too large for the paper that was issued and that the work would appear at a later date or that the issue had been printed with the cartoons but was set upon and destroyed by some righteous, God-fearing persons (an extreme train of thought, to say the least), or that they had simply been "nixed" either by yourself or another, due to the "obscenities" used. I would very much like to hear what you have to say about this—not so much the particulars of these cases, but the censorship question as a whole.

Thirdly, your editorial decisions. This question stems from a girl who approached me and gave me a sort of schizoid-induced "hell", ranting at me for rather a long period of time. Apparently, according to the young lady—"Bob Gould won't print my story because he told me that he hates me and he hates my story and he hates everything I represent." The young lady in question is Virginia Mason and I feel that I should tell you about it, although personally, if you did do such a thing, I agree with you most wholeheartedly—this perhaps stemming from the young lady's usage of my name,

without my knowledge or consent, on a notice asking for donations of equipment to what she had the preposterousity to term "perhaps the last group of truly dedicated artists in existence" or some such drivel. I have shattered my objectivity with this revelation, but I thought I'd tell you anyway.

One question that I asked you before and to which I have never really gotten a reply—what thoughts (if any) do you have concerning the work (stories) I have submitted. I am not out for ego-satisfaction and would truly appreciate some sort of answer, as I recognize from your writing the workings of a rather finely-honed intellect. I'm not trying to bullshit you, either. I would sincerely value anything you might say, either negative or positive, though I may not agree with you. Fine minds are rather, I find, an anomaly around Mass. Art. If you think my work is irresponsible trash, say so. If there is something else towards which you would like to see me direct my energies, say so. I am truly interested in your opinions.

RESPONSE—

I have chosen to answer this letter formally in this, the first edition of MCA for second semester, because the questions raised and concerns voiced are those often asked of me and those which I believe many wish answered. If the position of the newspaper, both within itself and the college, is still unclear to any MCA students, as editor I take it as a responsibility of position to attempt to clarify these doubts *finally* with an editorial statement. Because of the directness and objectivity of the above letter, I will use it as a jumping-off point, answering the questions raised with as much clarity and simplicity as possible and enlarging on points of special interest.

— On official ties, influential power of administration, faculty, etc. . . .

As editor of MCA, student newspaper of Massachusetts College of Art, I operate *totally independent* of any administrative

censorship or direction concerning the publication. There exists *no* administrative "format" which I have been told to follow or or political positions with which I have been told to side. The final word on all submitted material for MCA, both literary and graphic, including design, format, and content is my responsibility *alone*. (Unofficially, suggestions can and have been made by all, but again, the final decision on policy or format, is the editor's job.) At no time during the production of each issue is any faculty or administration "OK" necessary. Most frequently the contents of MCA are as new to these individuals as to the students.

Also, the newspaper is totally financed from Student Government funds. A portion of your money is allotted for MCA and no state or federal funds are used at any time.

—On Censorship. Active? Inactive? Rhetoric?

I would first like to clear up the specific cases mentioned in this area for the sake of the students involved, then to proceed to give this point the serious attention it deserves.

Censorship in which rhetoric (i.e., "dirty words") is involved is frequently trite and juvenile and frankly the least of my worries concerning submitted material. Specifically, it was pure circumstance that the works of Bill Doliber that have been published have been those minus expletives. Concerning the volume of work submitted by him, selection for publication has largely been random. Concerning the cartoons submitted, these (total of three) were given to me by students who wished to publish their cartoon work privately and wished to begin (on a try-out basis) with publication in MCA. Here editorial censorship was used for three reasons:

1. *Size* — The amount of space needed to present the work would be out of proportion to available space.

2. *Priority* — All submitted work is prioritied from "first-to-print" down. Often times pieces are dated and must be published before others.

3. *Content* — Knowing the individuals concerned I felt that the work submitted was below par, this opinion being also held by one of the three students concerned, to my knowledge. With this statement, which I believe cuts to the quick of the censorship question, I will answer the remaining questions being that the concerns of those three are indeed one.

This year we have tried to re-direct the functions of the Mass. Art student newspaper into a flexible receptical for student work, literary and graphic. To achieve this end, many decisions, revisions and abrupt changes were initiated by myself and the Art Director for MCA, Wayne Waaramaa. As the result of many discussions, we feel that a direction or "conceptualization" of MCA was necessary in both literary and graphic concerns. These would then be unified to form the final paper.

First, the Literary Directions. I see the function of MCA on two planes, intercollegiate and intercommunity. Therefore, as MCA is representational of the Massachusetts College of Art to many people, I believe that a striving for quality in content is essential. As to what is published and what is not, submitted material of good quality will always be used. (I may at this point say that of all material submitted since October, under five pieces have not been used.) The determination on my part of usable material is not to my personal prejudices or likes; often pieces have been submitted and published with which I did not agree or even fully comprehend. We are trying to move within a concept dedicated to putting out a quality publication, dynamic in content and design in honest representation of Mass. College of Art.

In all honesty, I must at this point say that more essential to our existence than direction and design is submitted work. The paper *cannot function* unless we have material to print. I hold no respect for off-hand comments or criticism when no formal questioning or accusation has been made to me through the paper in terms of

a letter or article. The letter which prompted this comment is the *first* and *only* received by me in reference to critical comment regarding MCA. I hope that all commentary regarding this piece will take place in the forum from which it came. I repeat, in order for MCA to function, we must receive copy from both students *and* faculty. Both have been predominantly lax in the past. I hope all will contribute in a wide variety of ways in the future.

Regarding Graphic Direction: The Staff which works on the graphics portion of our paper is concerned primarily with the offering of a singular and dynamic presentation, one which would be unique to Mass. Art. Examples of the gropings to achieve this end are the re-design of the MCA masthead and the frequent changes in layout, format and use of space. As evidenced, even size, weight and type of paper have been carefully considered. As to direction and goals, with the last issue (No. 5) we have begun to crystalize format and layout, attempting to use space and copy to their most effective and efficient extent. Quality is an all important consideration in this area too, witness the excellent and high calibre of the graphics in all issues this year. With the solidifying of format direction, the Design and Graphics Section of MCA forms a strong unit of the paper's total synthesis.

Finally, where is the paper going? I feel that if the efficient functioning of these two vital areas is effective, the goals are unbounded for MCA, within the community and without. Although most important and imperative are *contributions* by *you*, students, faculty and administration of Mass. Art. If you want to change the direction of the paper, say so. If something in the school you believe deserves serious attention is being neglected, bring it into the light. Comment on what you don't like. Contribute to support that which you do. The paper is yours, help us function together for the benefit of all.

Bob Gould

A NEW SERIES

The Diaries of God
Translated from the original Ethereal
and edited with occasional notes
by Eric Liberty Kimball

I

Dear Diary,

Ah, where to begin; Beginnings are such bothersome things, and yet so wholly necessary, I daresay; for without them one could hardly proceed onwards, could one? And, proceeding not, would not one remain forever alien to that mysteriously intricate interweaving of sorrows and exultations that so ineffably permeates, so indelibly flavors and all all forward progressions? Would one a stranger be to the culmination of such interminglings, the cool heat, the icy flame that signals the end? If not, then one must make a beginning—and, as you might readily observe, during the while I have lulled you with soft words, I have made mine.

And who are you who reads these words, these two-dimensional permutations of the alphabet? I do not know, as neither do I know the identity of he who sketches them across this paper. I do not know—that, I feel, aside from a few trifling incidentals, could best stand as the sum total of my present knowledge—I do not know, and that is all I know.

Now, I realize, as a matter of course, that such a seemingly contradictory statement would, that is, does give rise to entire fields and spectrums of abstract intellectualization and conceptualization and that any sojourn into any of these areas would, in turn, bring into play entirely new and innumerable methods and processes of the same, coupled with incredibly heightened means of philosophic inquiry—any facet of which could understandably and undoubtedly decimate my primary premise—but DAMMIT! PLEASE! Those four words, in though little more than tiny moths hovering oh-so-close to a raging flame, on paper existing as but the most negligible of inky scratches, constituting, as they do, my

only grip on reality, I am in no great hurry to see them rebuffed, disproved, overturned, refuted, or in any way, shape, manner or means defiled, dissected, or disturbed. The consequences of any such action would only serve to deprive me of my small "reality" which, illusory though it may be, is the only one which I possess and one for which I, if necessary to keep it in my possession, am entirely willing to forgo any further academic argument or speculation, tempting though it may be to indulge in such matters.

Physically, I find that I am of the infinite nature, and in all directions too, if that means anything, though I intend to doubt it. I am also mentally infinite. This rather distresses me, for it means that I am either infinitely brilliant or infinitely stupid, depending on the persuasion I feel is the dominant—I realize, of course, that unless I find that I am not alone, it is impossible to make such a value judgment—it takes two for such things, for one must have another with which to compare oneself—but, every now and then, when I have discovered something new, I think to myself, "How brilliant of you! You've discovered something new!" Then, when I try and fail to comprehend the essential meaning of my discovery, I think: "God! Are you stupid!" (You have perhaps noticed that I converse with myself. So what?)

At any rate, this infinite mentality stuff is not the load of peat moss you would imagine it to be—sometimes, when I'm just doing a bit of onnocent writing and a certain word or phrase will not readily come to mind, I have to scour infinity for it—no easy trick, believe you me.

Another thought—and this pertaining to my physical being—what if, instead of being infinitely handsome, as I rather tend to think of myself, I am infinitely ugly? What if I am dwarfed and hunch-backed and have skin like scales and am all blistered and nasty? I know that I can't make value judgments just yet, but this really does tend to worry me.

A few more random notes about this diary—(as you can see, I've largely dis-

carded rationality as a means of investigation; it just doesn't seem to work very well on such a large scale)—when I first decided to start writing things down, ZAP!, a large pad of paper simply appeared before me (you figure that one out)—now, since I am infinite, I think that it would also necessarily mean that I am all inclusive—therefore, the paper is me, right? SO I called for something to write with and PRESTO!—some sort of plastic cylinder with blue stuff leaking out of it and the letters B, I, and C inscribed on its side. Fine—but also me? At that moment it occurred to me that I hadn't anything to hold the cylinder or the paper with—SHAZAM!—hands appeared, hundreds of them; green, yellow, pink, hairy, ringed, clawed—I kept a few to write with (nine yellow and fourteen green) and, exactly as I had thought—applying cylinder to paper tickled—me all along.

Now, this discovery led me to conclude that I must also be the blue stuff flowing out of the strangely inscribed cylinder, and it is indeed terribly strange to discover yourself with yourself using yourself. But, be that as it may, I must move on, having two more points to discuss before concluding this entry.

The first is my age. I have not the slightest idea of when I was born or how I got here, nor do I know when I first became aware of my existence. I am beginning to believe that I have always been and always will be (in all directions?), although every now and then I am struck with the rather curious notion that I am a two year old and, once in a great while, eleven thousand and six. Sometimes it's twenty eight.

The next (and last) topic I would like to discuss is my name. I call myself "God", as you might already have noticed. Rather a quaint sort of name and one that, when I discovered how big I was, just sort of came to me—I got one look at my infiniteness and it just came rolling out—"GOOD GOD!" It was also at this moment that I discovered that I had a mouth and ears. I have since discarded the "good" because, with no one to

compare with, I do not really know if I am good or not. Also, if I'm *not* alone, I wouldn't want the other(s) to think I'm some sort of egoist. So it's just "God", plain and simple. I wasn't even going to keep that part of it, but then I thought it might come in handy for signing checks and stuff and knowing who I was looking for in case I got lost. Also, if there *is* anyone else here, it would certainly help in striking up a conversation. I'll just stick out my twenty-three hands and say, "Howdy! I'm God!"

All for now,
God

P.S. What if I've got psoriasis? Acne; Halitosis; Athlete's foot; What if my teeth are all yellow;
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THE GALLERY

Parker Street 470
(darling of New York critics)

THE COLLECTOR

Stephen Paine
(over 600 works)

PUBLIC ART

Wayne Anderson
(1-man committee on art
for BRA)

MOST POWERFUL WOMAN

Phyllis Rosen
(director of Parker Street 470)

MOST POWERFUL MAN

Drew Hyde
(and possibly his successor as
director of the Institute of
Contemporary Art)

THE CRITIC ?

(Must rely on coverage from New
York media—Kramer, Times;
Artforum, Art News)

SUI GENERIS

Gabriel Piemonte
(he knows what he likes)

By Jean Bergantini Grillo

BOSTON ART'S MINI-ESTABLISHMENT*

There is a foggy notion floating around Boston that somehow certain powerful, mysterious people in the art community work together to control what art is publicized, exhibited or collected hereabouts. Such vague references to a Boston "Art Establishment" generally come on the heels of a remark about why certain people do or do not get shown, or why one type of art is more salable than others. Almost all of these references seem part of a paranoia carried over from dealings with the New York Art Scene—where certain individuals do indeed possess the *power* to make or break an artist or trend.

In that city, most important gallery owners also collect art, and have a personal stake in seeing that certain artists get shown and publicized—often, naturally, in the gallery owner's exhibit space. Enough gallery shows lead to annuals, grants, a market. Other large New York collectors, financially secure and free from the hassles of full-time shopkeeping, end up on the boards of trustees of influential museums such as the Metropolitan, MOMA, the Whitney, the Jewish. They, too, can promote artists whose works they own.

The collector/gallery owners and collector/trustees all cast wary eyes on the pronouncements of the trend-setting New York art magazines—*Art News*, *Artforum*, *Art in America* gallery owners, trustees and museum staffers to write an occasional article. Of course, the really heavy editorial guns in the art mags are the singular, supremely influential critic from *The New York Times* and certain weeklies (*The New Yorker*, *New York*, *The Village Voice*), Harold Rosenberg, Hilton Kramer, John Gruen, John Perreault, Clement Greenberg, who grind out special stories to further their peculiar bags. Perreault of the *Voice*, can be counted on for coverage of the latest conceptual art piece. Kramer of the *Times* goes around judging a lot of shows, Greenberg, critic-about-town, is notorious for throwing his weight around, even to telling artists in his favored circle what to paint.

An artist trying to make it in New York finds that the Establishment *is* all-powerful and entrenched. If he's bent on programming his way to fame, he quickly tries to finagle his way onto the right cocktail parties, the right openings, the right group shows, the right collections, even the right bars (once the Cedar, now Max's Kansas City; once in awhile, St. Adrians).

Bostonians trying to dope out the local art scene naturally expect to discover a Boston power group whose members constitute so many rungs up the ladder of success. Once mounted, they believe the ladder rises higher and higher, unfailingly, up to Big Time: continued financial success, an adoring following, or the ultimate leap into the New York Circuit.

Well, it just ain't true.

After spending a month turning over various symbolic rocks where art reporters generally look for interesting moss, I haven't found a single power monster lurking in the dark. My travels have turned up a number of individually important people who are the most influential in their fields, but all seem to share that unique Yankee tendency toward going it alone. For better or worse, gallery owners, collectors, trustees and curators operating in the Boston area go about their business without pooling spheres of influence to form a power conglomerate such as the New York Art Establishment.

Here is a look at some of the people very important to art in Boston, but persons infinite in their variety, and steadfast in individuality.

The Gallery

Only one gallery in this city qualifies as *the* place a contemporary artist has to be seen, and that is Parker Street 470. Only two years old, this huge, loft-type showroom, parented by the combined efforts of Boston's Obelisk and Harcus-Krakow galleries, has quickly risen to national prominence. More importantly, it gets continued coverage by the New York media. Four women serve as its

board of directors: Joan Stoneman and Phyllis Rosen from Obelisk, Portia Harcus and Barbara Krakow from Harcus-Krakow. Of the four, Phyllis Rosen is the one most mentioned as perhaps the most influential female in the Boston art world.

"We can do the job here at Parker," she says. "It's the only gallery in the Boston area big enough to exhibit large-scale works over a long period of time. And even though we represent the artists, they're not tied to us; if they want to show at Alpha (a top-notch, generally figurative-type gallery) they can exhibit there too."

Mrs. Rosen seems genuinely taken aback by her gallery's new crown and she ruffles just a bit at the description of Parker as "trendy." "We're a very eclectic kind of gallery," she insists. "Many people told us we should push one image, but we don't. If I see something I like, I show it to my colleagues and we decide. Whether it's figurative or abstract, all I look for is honesty and integrity in the artist's work. And that comes across clearly. It may be difficult to tell good art from great, but it's a cinch to recognize something that's just bad."

In discussing Boston versus New York, Mrs. Rosen notes that many artists try to come on with the Big City approach. "They come in with their curriculum vitae," she chuckles, "or talk about who they know. Well, it's just different here. There *are* no cliques. The tastemaker thing in Boston is absolutely absurd. Most of us, the collectors, other gallery owners and so forth in Boston, simply don't work together. Parker 470 just has an enormous mailing list and we work like mad promoting the people we show. But there just isn't any sort of New York type game-playing here. There are just a lot of different people working to create a potentially exciting thing in Boston—but something which is open-ended. Sure, it makes us happy to know that artists and others have responded to Parker 470. But as far as being a part of a power bloc—well, I don't even get invited to any ritzy cocktail parties!"

The Collector

Boston's biggest and most energetic art collector is probably Stephen Paine, 39-year-old founder of Wellington Ivest Mutual Funds, who is described as one of the country's six major art collectors living in the Boston area. Other local collectors are Mr. and Mrs. Max Wasserman, real estate developers; Roger Sonnabend, president of the Hotel Corporation of America; Louis and Kathy Kane, smaller collectors but with special interests in the Institute of Contemporary Art and City Hall; the Louis Cabots, a Brahmin family active in the Fogg as well as trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts; and the Graham Gunds, also involved with the MFA. None of the other five, however, from all reports, have collections which come anywhere near the 600 works accumulated by Paine and hung with a flourish in his 26th-floor New England's Merchant's Building office. His collection includes four David Smiths and 17 Kandinskys.

Yet Paine, like Phyllis Rosen, insists he is a private kind of person, uninterested in setting trends or grabbing power. Paine's desire for anonymity is reflected in the fact that he is neither president nor board chairman of the company he founded. "I always had so much to read as a child," he says, "but when I contracted polio at 23 I began looking at some of the gaps in my background; the visual arts was one of them. I loved the idea of having the chance to look at art. I now subscribe to several art magazines and never read them—I just look at the pictures."

Paine's bout with polio confined him to a wheelchair, but he still manages to get around. One of his favorite places is the West Coast, and much of his collection is made up of artists from the San Francisco area. "I'm interested in conceptual art," he says, "but I lean toward the West Coast more because its artists are life-style oriented. Art is their life-style and life-style is their art. In art every one is on an ego trip, I guess, but on the Coast the art community is more integrated."

Paine is reluctant to discuss his collection at length and insists he doesn't want to be made into a famous or important person. He is on the board of trustees of the Institute of Contemporary Art, however, as are two other collectors, Louis Kane and Mrs. Max Wasserman, and talks freely of that association. He likes what the institute is doing but adds, "They could do better. They could be more responsive to those artists coming here from that New York jungle. That's where my involvement is, with the young artists. I'm not interested in the well-promoted schools. And there certainly isn't any kind of super Art Establishment here."

City Art

Less reluctant to discuss his role in the Boston art environment is Wayne Anderson, History of Art professor at MIT and chairman of that university's Committee on the Visual Arts. His impact on Boston, however, results not so much from MIT ties, but from his appointment as the Boston Redevelopment Authority's one and only art consultant. Under federal law, anyone putting up a building (federal, state, city or private) with federal funds or on federal lands must allocate 1% of their budgets for the purchase of art. Anderson is the man responsible for selecting or approving what that 1%, often a tidy sum, will be spent on.

Anderson does not have complete control—there are committees and politicians along the way—but generally speaking, he has quite a bit to say about what kinds of public art we have to learn to live with. Miraculously, Anderson, selected for a three-year term by John Warner's administration, is both an architect and artist—just about the two most important qualifications for the job he holds.

"The selection process actually has many steps," Anderson says. "Once we get the go-ahead from the BRA, I have to contact the architect or developer to see if they have any ideas for the 1%. Hopefully, any decisions about incorporating art will be made at the blueprint stage. We meet and talk about the most

appropriate type of work and its setting. Then I present some concepts. We have to think about what the building will be used for, problems of maintenance, vandalism and so forth."

If neither architect nor developer has a particular work in mind at this stage, Anderson goes ahead and chooses the work or works himself. "I work with the artist, usually after considering several," he says. "Once we agree on the final type of work, I present my recommendation to the BRA." At this point the city can step in.

"City projects have to be approved first by the Mayor's Fine Arts Committee. If it's a civic building—a school, police or fire department building—then the Public Utilities people have to decide it's OK... can be maintained and so forth." Of course, a number of programs get bottled up in this process. "I've got four projects in committee for over a year," Anderson nods wearily.

Still, Anderson is responsible for Boston's only D'arcangelo, an enameled steel work encompassing an entire elevator corridor in the Bullfinch Building in Government Center, plus the Hazdi bronze in front of the JFK building, the Herbert Ferber sculpture nearby and the Robert Motherwell inside. He also selected the Dana Chandler mural in the Grove Hall Library, plus many other pieces gracing fire stations and school yards in Charlestown, South Cove and Newton Center. Most recently, Anderson selected a corten steel work by Beverly Pepper to be set up in front of the new Government Center garage this month. Its price is \$60,000 but Anderson observes, "After the labor costs involved in shipping, fabrication, erection, and site work, plus the cost of the steel itself, the artist will be lucky to get \$5,000—not including payment for her personal expenses. This is something legislators just don't understand when they see the total figure."

Reflecting on the power he does hold in providing public art, Anderson muses, "What is power? Power is knowing what you're doing." He walks over to rows of file cabinets and slides open a few bulging

drawers. "I know every sculptor working in this country," he says. "I've got a file on every American sculptor working since 1955. But I don't select artists from a sense of power. I prefer to do it with effective persuasion. I'm not an entrepreneur. I'm not making the Florence of the east. But what's the alternative? No art at all? Maybe we don't have the intrigue of the New York Art Scene, no super committees and all, but it's very good that Boston relies on its academic institutions for advice and help. I'd have no confidence in the future of this city if we were still putting up 18th-century statuary."

The Man for All Reasons

Anderson concedes that he has a very important voice in selecting the art surrounding us, but someone else stands out as the only possible contender as Boston's art mogul. The man everyone listens to is Drew Hyde, director of the Institute of Contemporary Art. Impish on the outside, Hyde is a motivated mover on the inside. Although he resigned in December, he will remain with the ICA until a new director is found, a man who most likely will assume Hyde's mantle of power.

Three of the city's major collectors are on the ICA board of trustees. Most gallery owners have artists who have works in the ICA's rental gallery. MFA people look toward 33 Beacon Street to find out what they would be told if they had a contemporary art curator.

The ICA director can do what other important Boston art figures can't. He can use his office to get certain people together. Struggling artists get a special commission from collectors nudged into action by Hyde's suggestion. City programs get artistic counsel. Painters without gallery walls get a chance to be seen in the ICA circuit rental gallery. If the work appeals to Hyde and rental gallery staffers, the artist may even get a one-month solo. Since 1969, Hyde has been responsible for 13 one-man Boston artist shows, 11 group shows, three children's shows, two collections, the Edwin Dickin-

son Retrospective, Boston Now at City Hall and commissions, grants, and studio support totaling over \$49,000.

"I've never released that figure before," Hyde says sheepishly, "Because I refuse to document it." His implication is clear. Extra money went into helping artists who needed aid, and apparently not all of it was revealed to the book-keeper. Hyde doesn't flinch either at the suggestion that he can very easily favor one artist and aid him with some choice connections. But then Project '70, his baby, resulted in 35 finished projects benefiting over 40 local artists.

Though Hyde will soon be out of a job, he is likely to retain a measure of influence. With no local critic powerful enough to pull the Boston art scene together, Hyde will simply slip into the ranks of Boston's unglomerated, unincorporated unmysterious band of Very Important Art People.

*Reprint — *Boston Magazine*

I live on twinbrook road and you take the high how are you, I'm fine it and I'll give you, your, yours have a happy birth weighing two pounds five ounces recovered by the, police the area sung by the stars come out at night in shining armour star franks, marks, yen to be with you always think before you speak, in plains indians the waggon, trained seals on all your letters as opposed to numbered in the thousands.

My job consists of taking the dishes from under five years of age you can drink and drive, to the second set of light and some are heavy but all of them up and carry no chip on your shoulder, your load and go back for it's sick and have a headache, all through for today is the first day of the rest in piece of pie in the face, your enemies came up the hills and dales always remembering not to forget me nots.

The people in the third infantry division, subtraction and multiplication table must be set for a family of nine, no, nyet I do feel with my handle it with care about you until daylight, and some are heavier the harder they fall and winter and spring bored with myself and I can't see by the dawn's early rise makes a man, and a woman's liberation movement.

I sat watching the hostess as she walked on the right side of the road, race between the tortoise and the cut your hair, before it smoke gets in your eyes, nose, ears and shut your mouth with food in it, came from outer not enough space to move around in, is the opposite of out of your mind, your manners and be a good oh boy I can't waiter would you please bring me a glass of Japanese water torture.

Again, my job is to take the dishes off of the time table, of trains running the mile in three minute egg.

Happy birthday to all of our usual bargains, beginning the I feel weak, I'd better said than done.

The dish washer, and than replace the bolt out between two parked cars, and boats instead.

The cigarette smoke rose from the lit felt tip, pens are less messy than coins in the fountain.

Sitting down and taking, you're out and the side is retired at sixty five days to a week a dizzy.

Although one may think, I've said enough water, to fill swimming in the ocean is easier than, instead of writing a thank you note, the extra large eggs for only twice as much as one wood, and metal of honor for service above and beyond, the point of no it's time to fill out your tax return, and send them to a friend.

The blue book sat upon the saddle, me up with your relatives came to visit us is a pronoun.

Trying to write a novel idea, but will he fall for he's a jolly good ridance, to himself so how can you trust fund, until she's twenty years along time to waiter, didn't bring me my mashed up in the accident, but he came out alive and well and living instantly, the door flew open your mind, to the millions of starving, when's dinner?

D.A. Cupcake

light rays through an open window reflecting on a barren floor creeping up an open door we see the rays of time pass by a seed is caught in the reflected light stirring inside life begins to form a great storm soon appears turbid winds now

carry the seed to a far off land where time knows none and light is ever present as beings we have ruined what we have and now there is no hope of freedom the chains that bind is are self made we know no beauty we ourselves are ugly and evil we have spoiled the earth and spoiled each other we are left to fester in the suns hot rays look at those who surround they too are bound in chains fear and terror forever present in a world where we are roaming zombies who only talk of love and pain and who enjoy nothing in life where has all the beauty gone where has all the beauty gone where has all the beauty gone my friends who are so dear why do we not see ourselves more clearly as decayed images in a world of salt and sand water will not cleanse the soul water will not cleanse the soul of those who have destroyed standing before us naked prey we have stripped our fellow man till he is no more than a wandering fool cut out his eyes cut out his eyes cut out his eyes

he has no eyes

he has no eyes

he has no eyes

to see still the turning platform moves there we are revolving in a world god knows where do we believe there is a god it matters not for we are doomed lets stop this turning platform now or never i cant stop it i cant stop it i cant stop it

i know that now

i know that now

i know that now

DANIEL DINITTO